JUDITH GAUTIER.

THE POET-NOVELIST OF THE ORIENT. HFR TASTES, TALENTS AND PERSONAL BEAUTY.

(FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE. To speak of Judith Gautier, after speaking of Erekmann-Chatrian, is like leaving an old-fashioned garden filled with thyme and hollyhocks and sweet with pansies and pinks and gillyflowers, to enter a conservatory, rich in palms and rare exotics, and heavy with the drowey perfume of magnolias and Nile lilies. I dare not myself describe her, but I borrow Frederic Bazin's words: " -- A princess, a Queen of the Orient, with the oval face of the oon, Hafiz would say; with the eyes of the lotus. Bhartribari would say: with a brow of polished jasper, Li-Tai-pé would say ;-such she appears to us, in all the mysterious splendor of antique Oriental beauty, with her exquisite pallor, the calm royalty of her features, and the strange sweetness

of her eyes." He is euthusiastic, but it would be impossible not to be; she is not merely a modern rhymer, but another Sappho, tuning her lyre on the yellow sands and singing the white moor beams of the opal skies. The daughter of Théophile Gautier, she has not only inherited her father's rare talent, but added to it the wonderful grace and beauty of her own. Gounod says: "There are three great priesthoods: that of the Good, that of the True, that of the Beautifus; saints, thinkers, artists are the three distinctive forms of this substantial unity, which is the Ideal." Madame Gautier is the priestess of this soul-worship, and a poet in so true and exalted a way that her very heart-beats seem a response to the rhythm of an all surrounding Poetry. She writes, bowever, only in prose-but such prose! Many authors have chosen for their themes times and deeds remote from the quiet, practical life of to day. But Madame Gautier says: "The Orient remains still, with Persia, India, the splendors of Ramayana and the sweet words of Buddha, hun who thinks"; and these she has conquered for herself. The entire East is bors. Her works are all Chinese or Persian. "The Imperial Dragon" is a story of royal Chinese life. "The Usurper" is an episode in Japanese history. "Iskender" is purely Persian poem, and the "Book of Jasper," dedicated to the great Chinese poet Tin-Ton-Ling, is a collection of unique little poems in prose, after the manner of Henri Heine, as dainty and beautiful as Chinese embroideries in gay silks on creamy There is about them the sweetness and charm of pink peach blossoms, or the pale leaves of willow trees, which she sings.

All that Madame Gautier writes is touching and tender, and though there is no word of sorrow in it. salness emanates from every line like perfume from a flower. Her poems are, in everything, flower-like, exatic, and they have the fragile delicacy of rare, white blooms. Her oval-taced, almond eyed heroines, with sweet names of Daughter of Sunlight, or Flewer of Blooming Ricefields, and her beroes with gleaming armor of bronze, move in their flowing robes of rose and azure satius or gergeous saks, over the jasper floors of imperial palaces, among curving pillars of malachite and a nothyst, and golden statues of writhing dragons or Hundred-Armed Vishnus. Her descriptions are so glowing in the riotous richness of color, that they are dazzling and bewildering, but nothing but such scenes could serve as backgrounds to the exalted deeds of her Her heroes are heroes indeed, mighty in courage and valor; each, like Sir Galahad, whose

Strength was as the strength of ten, Because his heart was pure.

She is a dweller on Olympus and everything she writes is passionate, ennobling, high above the pettiness of everyday life and broad as the free breath of mountain winds in the northern land of the Sagas. Her work is full of poetry-it is all poetry; and by that I do not mean only the songs or poet-thoughts which fleek its continuous flow like scattered rose petals on a running stream, but an all-pervading breadth of poetry, which is found in every line, an elevation of soul and thought, almost mystic in its intense ideality, and strong and pure as the epics of the Greeks. One of the great beauties of Madame Gautter's

povels to sarants is their astonishing truth and accuracy of detail. No one but the author knows what a tour de force a novel like " Uarda," " Hypatia," or even Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii, is; and what deep study and minute research are necessary to make it chronologically correct. But Judith Gautier's studies of life in China and Japan are so perfect, that Chinese critics (for her name is well-known to the lettered of the Celestial Empire) cannot understand by what mysterious power of divination a Parisian could obtain so thorough a Design building at Twenty-third-st, and Fourth-ave, is knowledge of their customs, manners and literature. It seems truly diviantion, for Madame Gautier has never been in China; and yet she knows it so well that her descriptions of it are flaw-I could not any absolutely flawless, for she told me that when "The Imperial Dragon peared, she received a letter from a Chinese writer, who informed her that the book was strictly accurate and perfect in every detail, save one. In the chapter in which the poet is separated from his friends, she says he unlocks a door, when she should have said unbolt; for there are no locks in China! This error in a book of more than three hundred pages, with all the quaintness of custom and man-Chinese life so depicted that one seems on reading it transported to the shores of the Yellow Sea, was very amusing to me; but Madame Gautier is so conscientions that she is going to have the mistake corrected in the next edition of the work.

She seems to think her knowledge of Chinese literature the most natural thing in the world. She has always liked the Chinese, whom she considers among the most poetic people of modern times, and she has always known them, for she has for years been the spoiled child of the Chinese Legation and Conbassies in Paris. Her little low parlor is completely filled with Oriental bric-à-brac; and screens, banners, lanterns, jars, vases, and dragon-wreathed mirrors, make it look as though it had been taken bodily from Pekin, and dropped in her apartment on the Avenue des Champs Elysées.

Judith Gautier is one of the most beautiful woman I have ever seen; singularly beautifut; queenly in stature, statuesque in repose, and so graceful in every movement, that

When she has passed, it is like The ceasing of exquisite music.

Her complexion is of creamy pallor; her eyes, dreamy and far-looking, are black with golden beans, and so deep as to be fathomless. There is about her the supple litheness of a panther, and the fascination of the magnificent wild beasts of Indian jungles. She is Oriental, passionace; and her genius is Oriental, passionate. Even as a child, she was not like other children; instead of playing with her doll she used to dress it like an Egyptian mammy and bury it with strange rites and weird incautations. One day, when she was twelve years old, her father sent her to her room to punish her for having been out during a storm, and to preent his being displeased with her she spent the time of her confinement in writing a little poem in prose, "The Return of the Swallow." It was the first indication her father received of her wonderful talent, and he was so delighted with it that he immediately set about cultivating the admirable gifts of her mind. She was still quite young, too, when she published her article on Edgar Poe's " Eureka," which so surprised Baudelaire that he could not be-Heve Gautier had not written it. She is purely imaginative and lives in a world of her own, above he common details of ordinary life. She cares for but three things: astronomy, everything Chinese and Oriental, and the works of Richard Wagner. She has given herself up to these wholly and exclusively, and she has become absorbed in her love for what is Peautiful, mystically and supernatu-

She says in her preface to her work on Wagner : "My only ambition is to be useful, as far as it lies in my power, to that intellectual minority, which, to me, fills this world, and which I hope will be the only one to fill the next-it there he a next-for I am now convinced of the truth of what Charles Bandelaire says that it is the fewness of the elect which makes heaven. Paradise." She is entirely indifferent to what the world may say of her works, and declares, to whomsoever wishes to listen to her, that she wrote but for three persons; her father.

rally beautiful.

Gustave Flaubert, and Leconte de Lisle. There is now only one of the triumvirate left.

THE PRINCE'S ORDERS.

From The Theatre. When the Saxe-Meiningen Company were per-forming at Drury, Lane, one of the principal actors told me the following anecdote: "An artist belong-ing to our first theatre in Germany went a few months ago on a starring engagement to one of the score of small capitals of the empire. After the first performance the sovereign of the dimnutive state performance the sovered of the ad condescended to receive in his box, some flattering remarks that seemed to forbode a more distinctive tribute of his admiration, seeing that His Highness disposes of a downright menagerie of engles, falcons, bears and other heraldic animals, so much appreciated by the

other nermatic animals, so much appreciate followers of Thespis.

"Anyhow, the cemedian having performed for three consecutive nights without perceiving any nearer realization of his secret wishes, began to grow impalient, and resolved to shake from his feet the

impatient, and resolved to shake from his feet the dust of so ungrateful a town.

"The next morning, having ordered an open carriage, he drove to the station, after having told the driver to pass, on his way thither, before the palace of His Sernee Highness.

"It was just the hour when the latter was in the habit of taking his constitutional under the veranda, in company with his chamberlain. Perceiving the artist, who did not look particularly pleased, in the distance. His Highness turned toward his companion, "What is the matter with Herr—inhe seems to be going? he asked. The courtier's answer was a mute one, a piece of dumb show merely. He pointed to his button-hole, smiling a kind of feeble diplomatic smile.

"Is that all? replied His Highness. 'Quick, Herr Ritter; go and ictch me an order from my cabinet.' In another moment the courtier returned with a small box. As the artist was driving by, he Prince hailed him, and without leaving him time to

going, take this as a remembrance; and a pieasant journey to you."
"The actor tried to stammer a few words of thanks, and continued his journey. But scarcely had he gone a dozen yards when His Highness perceived him making frantic signs. "What's the matter?" shouts the Prince. 'Serenissimo, there are two,' comes the answer. 'Never mind,' yells back the generous Prince; 'give the other one to the conchusan.'"

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

AGITATION AMONG THE MEMBERS FOR A NEW BUILDING NEAR MADISON SQUARE.

An agitation has been started among the nembers of the New-York Historical Society which is expected to result in important action. The present building, at Second-ave, and Eleventh-st, is so madequate for the archæological and artistic treasures which clong to the society that it is regarded more as a storehouse than as a museum. It is sell by many members that as matter now stand the society is not doing all the good of which it is capuble; neither is it ready carrying out the implied or expressed contract with those from vicem it received bequests. The society moved into its present quarters in 1857, and at that time the accomnodations were sufficient. In the following year it be-came possessed by gift of the New-York Gallery or Reed collection of pictures, parchased by a public subscription started by Jonathau Sturges, to which that gentleman outributed more than haif. It contains many pletures by old American arrists. Within snother decade came another great gift-the Bryan collection of more han three hundred pictures of old masters. Such was be enthusiasm felt over the society by public men on this accession of artistic treasures that in April, 1868, the Legislature appropriated to the New-York Historiat Society a portion of the grounds in Central Park, ing between Fifth-ave, and a line parallel therewith, out not more than 300 feet west of the avenue, and b ween the northerly line of Eighty-first-st, and the southrly line of Eighty-fourth-st., for the purpose of establish ing a museum of history, antiquities and art. The more ardent members of the society were greatly captivated by this gift, and some of them becan to agitate for instant acceptance of the offer, and for the erection of a building of the most pronounced and striking architec-ture. But the wiser heads said emphatically 'No," for two reasons. The first was that it would be dangerous and dishonorable to contract any alliance with the Tanamany politicians, who were in power at that date and whose corruption was an open secret. The second reason was that it would be unwise to erect a structure meant to be permanent in any locality until be city bad crystallized, so to speak; otherwise th coatly building might be placed in a quarter where it might be of little real service to the community. The idea that the vicinity of the Central Park was going to he the hall of New-York might be true, or might be only an opinion. It was better to want a little until time settle the matter. The conservative view prevalled, and the society saw with equanimity the site which it had refused given to the Metropolitan Art Muoum when it was started some years afterward, But now it is believed by many that the time has come

or action. There are many men who declare that New York has begun to crystalitze unmistakably, and that from Union Square to Madison Square, including a few blocks to the north of the latter and to the south of the former, is the uptown heart of the city. It is certain that men engaged in art maiters are congregating in the vicinity of Madison Square. The National Academy of to of the members: but they dread to go away from a quarter so distinctively artistic, and it is their purpose, if they can get funds, to enlarge their present building, not to leave it. oward a new structure by migrating.

although they could obtain a very large sum toward a new structure by imprating. Art dealers are establishing themselves in every direction round the square, and it is not unifkely that in the course of another decade the whole artistic strength of the city will be in this locality. The members of the infatrical selectly, recognizing the importance of the infatrical selectly, recognizing the importance of the art trust reposed in them by the proprietors of the many collections that are now in their possession, think that their new structure should be in this neignborhood.

From the conversations which take place daily in the society's building and among members clsewhere, it is apparent that the locality which seems to the malority most fitting is the Madison-ave, end of the block which was formerly the depot of the New-York Central Railrond, and has recently under the name of the Madison-ave, and has recently under the name of the Madison-Square, Mitchell, sundry perestrians, dog shows and other entertainments. The propriety of seeing W. H. Vanderbit and ascertaining his views upon the sanger is being considered. He is not a member of the Historical society, but the members think that his wealth and his munifacence in art matters make it improvable that he would drive a hard bacquar with them; more especially as the creetion of such a structure as a new body of the remander of the block. It has been calculated that the society would require the whole frontage on Madisco-ave, and a corresponding depth of the remander of the block. It has been calculated that the society would require the whole frontage on Madisco-ave, and a corresponding depth of the propriety of the whole than small ones and fairer to all pictures that are not put upon the shock in the structure as a gallery who hundred feet long. The other requirements are a gallery for the anniquities, which induced of those members who are agitating the question to have a gallery two hundred feet long. The other requirements are a gallery for the maniquitie and for the youth of the control of the varied forms in which the human intellect has developed excellence. The member believe that the society under such conditions would be of great benefit to the community, and would exercise. narked influence upon educational ideas. Should the resent agliation be successful, it is proposed that the ew building shall be of red brick with terra-cotta deco-

SUNDAY DRINKS IN DRUG STORES.

The duties of the average drug clerk are certainly ardnous and varied enough already, and the first day of the week has never been to him a season of rest and relaxation. Of late, however, Sunday has become a day of special activity, the enforcement of the Sunday law, which nominally closes the liquor saloons, calling for a substitute which is found in the average drug stare Of course all droggists keep liquor and are required to do so from the anture of their business, but the original leaign was not to keep an open bar on Sanday. Many men prefer the simple, open method of getting drinks which the drug store affords, to the more complicated and less satisfactory groping through dark passages and alleyways now necessary in order to get into the liquer saloon on Sunday. A new industry is open to the drug cierk, and if he be of an energetic and pushing disposi-tion there is no reason why all the qualities of a first-class bartender should not add lustre to his other ne-

complishments.

A stranger goes into a drug store and asks for a glass of whiskey. He is told at once that they do not sell liquor by the glass, only keeping it for medicinal purposes. If he is very innocent indeed he makes no protest and perhaps starts for the door—but he does not get out. The clerk calls him back and tells him a prescription is Sometimes a customer is required to write a prescription—all men are physicians who can write and want a drink on Sunday—and "R. Splittas Frumenti" is all that is required by the strictest sticklist for form and ceremony. In some of the best shops the liquor supplied is good, but the quality of the brandy and whiskey supplied in an ordinary drug store cannot be considered choice. This practice has silvays prevailed to a limited excent, but since a show was made of enforcing the Sunday law many druggrists practically keep open bar and do a thriving bashees.

LONDON GOSSIP.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S NOTES ON ENGLISH TOPICS.

FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE. Now that Whitsuntide and the Derby are well over and the Hollingshead-Wellesley New Falstaff Club has been maugurated, it must be candidly confessed that for downright dulness this season has had no fellow for several years past acree the Derby itself falled to galvanize people into enthusiasm. As that eminent low comedian, the late Mr. Wright, was wont to observe: Things ain't as they used to was, and people can't do as they used to did." This is the kind of thing, we are required to believe, our forbears laughed at. If we can redit all we are told they laughed at every little thing in those days, and the consequence was that they laughed a great deal. Very poor stuft passed for wit and humor, the fact being that good Honor and plenty of it had much to do with that "gayety of heart" which Charles Mathews was so fond of talking about. As the veteran comedian owned, when hard pressed, the ancient jokrs' "good things" did not seem quite so good when taken cold." Like Burgundy, they did not bear earriage beyond the vinous atmosphere in which they were engendered. By the way, we are beginning to drink a little port wire again, and also Madeira, both excellent things too long out of fashion. The fact is, we drink so ttle now that we want that little strong. The eigarette has completely spoiled both drinking and smoking. sooner has the young man of the period finished his dinner than he wants a cigarette. Fine claret therefore is as uscless as fine cigars. Cigarettes and lemon-squash are the order of the day. We might almost as well join the Blue Ribbon Army-that is, if it were not for "the rince hailed him, and without leaving him time to light, threw the box into his lap. 'If you must be

"The Boy," f.e., champagne, has greatly increased in consumption and in price. Fine brands of dry wine which could nave been bought easily a dozen years ago for \$16 per dozen are now worth from \$20 to \$25, for wine of drinkable age. Old wine of good brand and good year, like the Perrisr Jauet of 1874, is difficult to get at all, even at a very high price. Champagne, nicknamed by Mr. Grant-Duff, now Governor of Madras, "the small-beer of polite society," is then the chief article of consumption at dinner parties, as it was years ago in Hock, sherry and claret are hardly tasted, except, in the case of the latter, by gouty old gentlemen

who look sadly on as " the Boy " goes by.

Since we all came into town for the Derby there has een a great ran upon the out-of-town dining-places, Richmond, Greenwich and the rest. The impelling force of all this determination to rusticate is to be found in the perfectly divine weather we have experienced for the last fortnight. Cnestnut Sunday, as it is called, that is the Sunday on which the horse-chestnuts in Bushy Park are in full flower, fell very late this year, in fact on the anday after the Lerby, when the splendid avenue in which the fountsin of Diana is pinced was as beautiful as night be. The showers of Saturday morning were useful to the flowers and also to those who had a heavy Epsom ccount to make up-as the majority had-but Sunday was superb, and every day since has been delightful. I have been to Strawberry Hill, a delicious place and pleasantly situated for a holiday jaunt. We drove down o Twickenham and after looking over Strawberry Hill nucled at the Orleans on one day, but on the second oc easton I went down we took Bushy Park in our way to Hampton Court, where, at the Mitre, the hotel at the foot of the bridge, very good entertainment is to be had "for man and beast." Readers of THE TRIBUNE may be uterested to know that the finest close view of the Thames near Lendon is to be got from the windows of This is a very old established place, greatly frequented by Freemasons. The champagne and the lucklings are as perfect as the cels, which no epicure should overlook. The ecis obtained from the Thames, Mole and Kennet, like those from the Avon at Salisbury are distinct animals from the great, greasy, Datch mudfed eels supplied in London restaurants. I may add that whitebast may be had at Hampton Court, just as well as at Greenwich.

To intending visiters to this happy land of peace and plenty-of credit-I may give one piece of advice. They should never go by rail to any place round London. sty rail they miss nearly everything of interest, and at this time af year the delicious light green color of spring leafage, Jeculiarly tender, disphanons and beautiful. They should drive everywhere within twenty miles and get a clear idea of the lovely country round London. In returning from Hampton Court they should by no means ermit their coachman to drive them by the con road into Londor. On the contrary, they should make dim cross the river at Kingston Bridge, go through Kingston and turn into Richmond Park at Kingston Gate. Between that spot and Sheen Gate there is at this moment a forest of white hawtherns in bloom. So thickly are the trees covered with flowers that they look in the sun as white as if they had been showed upon, and fill the air with the most delicious edor. These " Maytrees" as they are vulgarly called, never grow to a large size but many of them are of enormous age. The scene baffles description in its charming color and complete seclusion from the taint of town. Neither houses nor inhabitants mar the delicious solitude, enlivened only by the song of the thrush and blackbird, and the gay gambols of thousands of rabbits sporting fearlessly at the fringes of the thick plantations. Farther away, among the long suntit glades, the fallow buck and his female stellites are browsing under mighty class and horseestnuts. In the distance, nothing but superbly rounded messes of foliage. I mention this charming bit of woodland scenery as one

of those treasures which like the remains of Sherwood Forest have no exact parallel elsewhere. As a distant view neither can be compared with that from Elehmond Hill. But there are drawbacks to Richmond Hill. The food and wine at the big hotel are distinctly detestable. Everything has the flavor of rechange; the wine is undrinkable. In fact the only things drunk are the waiters.

In the matter of refreshment everything is better done at Greenwich than at Richmond. The fish-cookery remires no assistance from the school at the International Fisheries Exhibition. But then the road is gloomy except one taxes the steamboat down the called. I never full to take my guests this way. It gives such an idea of the River Thames and of London as cannot otherwise be got and puts a keen edge on the appetite; but the forests are of musts, and instead of flowers we pass the flags of all nations.

Our Epsom party settled up at Greenwich on Saturday as usual among themselves, sending each account to Tat-tersall's through Charles Brewer & Co., the sons of the e Mr. Charles Brewer, who would bet on commission for a bishop and actually conduct large transactions for less exalted dergymen. As a rule one does not bet one's self any more, except at the post, and even there the an agent whose 5 per cent amission on winnings is a trifle when compared with ais superior command of the market. We ate through the regular Greenwich dinner with one special exception that instead of lamb, duckling and so forth after the fish. re had after the multitude of fishes only two kinds of meat, to wit, a roast hauncs of buck ventson and French beans and some bacon and beans, the latter of the broad kind known in France as feece de marais. The ventson, from fallow, not red-deer, was superb, and admirably closed a mean begun by clear turtle, followed by souche of flounders. I say nothing of the giant English and French asparagus and some good green peas and straw-peries, because you have all such things in great perfection, but I may mention that we had taxts made of green gapes and green spricots. When I say "green." I mean the unripe "thinnings" clipped off the vine and the buuch in the habouse by the gardener. The green peach or apricot tart is distinctly bester than that made of grapes, which to the priste are much the same as gooseberries. Everything was very good, although I wonder at people going on forever at the same thing. Why do they not give us bouillabulasses as at Marseilles I.

Why do they not give us bouillabaissee as at Marseilles t
All reports to the contrary notwithstanding, there are
no large winners on the Derby and Oaks. The gains of
the Prince of Wales, Lord Alington and Sir Frederick
Johnstone have been enormously exaggerated. The latter, by far the bixgest "punter" of them all, only won
about ten thousand pounds. Lord Alington, "Bunny"
Start, wins barely three thousand; for since he has been
made a peer he does not "plunge" at all. Sir Frederick
Johnstone was, it will be recollected, the man who with
Mr. Henry Chaplin went round the world shooting big
game and had a glorious time in India. Sir Frederick,
however, did not share the bad luck of Mr. Chaplin, who,
although he won the sensational Derby of 1867 with
Hermit, was an cnormous loser on the turf. Sir Frederlek kept but few horses, among which was Oxonlas. aithough he won the sensational Derby of 1867 with Hermit, was an enormous loser on the turf. Sir Freder-lek kept but few horses, among which was Oxonian. This animal was at first partly owned by a person called on the racing-card "Mr. Richmond," but who was a well-known maker of rork legs who lived in Piccadilly well-known maker of tork legs who lived in Piccaduly and speculated bargely in various markets. For signing a bill of exchange in the name of a person whose power of attorney he no longer held, the cork-leg man was sentenced to penal servitude for five years. Oxonian then went first into the bands of Sir Frederick Johnstone and afterward into those of Captain Mackell. He was a wonderful horse over a short distance, and once won the Portland Pinte at Doneaster when the William Day division won many thousands of pounds.

There is no longer the same market, and it is a difficult matter to back a horse for two or three thousand pounds except at ridiculously short odds just before he starts. By the way I am reminded that he owner of the Prince, Mr. Adrian, is not a member of the same house as Sir Frederick Johnstone, in whose name and colors St. Blatse ran, is a bachelor like Lord Hartington, and the mauraises langues add, for ja similar romantic reason. There is plenty of romance in the peerage and baronetage.

one. Aiready it is over and the corners turn down again in the cot case fashion. We have also given up the sol-itary central lightnouse-reflector shirt-sind and now wear three smaller snes rather close together.

Much talk is caused by the demeaner of an eccentric peer who, albeit reported to be in fluancia difficulties, has just fance a certain ludy in very magnificent style. It is becoming very modish for married men of fashion to ruin themselves in maintaining extravagant auxiliary estab-lishments. So far as I can see the object of their adora-

tion need neither be young. Landsome nor accomplished, so long as she fills some position in a theatre, be the same in the ballet or chorus. She should also point her eyes to excess, due her half, and have a small talent for the sort of repartee caled "chair," to be quite the idol of the hour. A reputation for disinterestedness is considered a very precious property.

Driving a trotting-horse to a light cart is the latest whim of these damozels, who are evidently bent on misculai for every way.

hief in every way.

FROM LITERATURE TO TWEEZERS.

A "SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT'S" PECULIAR WAY OF MARING MONEY. Up three flights of stairs and at the back of

me of those buildings in East Fourteenth-st, the many rooms of which are let to business people and occasionally an artist or two, a TRIBUNE reporter found the place to which his attention had been drawn by the following

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVED. Permanently and without risk of disfigurement. A Turkish woman in constant attendance. Madame X., Koom 10, No. — East Fourteenth-st.

The door was half opened, so he entered without knocking, and found himself in a big bare room, originally intended apparently for a painter's studio, and rendered still more forlorn by the flood of garish light which streamed in through the large window reaching from floor to ceiling. At a stained-wood office desk in the centre of the room sat a middle aged woman of not unpleasant expression, who was presumably Madame X. and as such was addressed by the reporter. As she rose to offer him a chair it became apparent that she was crippled, and then the visitor noticed a pair of crutches lying over another chair within reaching distance. "What can I do for you, sir !" asked she with a penetrating glauce. "Ah, I see," scanning the reporter's eard through a pair of gold-rimmed glasses, " you are a literary man. I can claim comradeship with you then, for I do a great deal of writing myself and have been all over the world as special correspondent for leading pa-

over the world as special correspondent for leading papers of the country. If I were totell you the name I write under you would know it in a mon.e.t." It may be remarked that she subsequently did breathe the mane, but to his shame be it confessed the reporter had never seen of heard of it.

"I am writing a novel now," she continued, "which is to be published by a New-York firm and which will, I think, astonish the public. I make love my theme and treat it in an original manner. My I leat type of strong, leving womanood is Cleopatra. Through all the asses he has been traduced and willified—but take the erromastances into account and no life has ever been fived more redolent of passionate love, devotion and shellty. But I am straying from the subject. You want to know about this business i? The reporter assented with a motion of the head, for the rush of words left him no chance for the interjection of a sentence. "Welk," continued Cleopatra's apologist, "I am going out of it very soon, so will patra's apologist, "I am going out of it very soon, so will the head, for the rush of words let him no chance for the interjection of a sentence. "Well," continued Cleo patra's apologist, 'I am going out of it very soon, so wil tell you all I know about it. I find it takes up too much of my time, though I must say that on the whole I have made a great deal of money. You may be surprised to learn that nine out of every ten women, fair or dark, it this city have natural mustaches and whiakers. If conceal this fact is one of the main troubles of their live and devices of all soris are resorted to. The truth of the matter is that no reatment and no preparation ye theoretic will produce a permanent effect, but a great and devices of all soris are resorted to. The truth of the matter is that no reatment and no preparation ye discovered will produce a permanent effect, but a greatest of the detailed of the desse path and often positive injury is done by some of the method used by inscrippious practitioners. Sometimes the portion of the face to be treated is covered with an adhesive plaster, which is torn set, giving agony to the patient and bringing with it more or less on the objectionable hairs. Strong acids are also applies which in are a delicate skin sometimes for life. Shaving constantly is resorted to with the effect of making the hair stronger and coarser and therefore more apparent. I myself use what I er a assure you confidentially is harmiess preparation, which does take off the more downy hair and the stronger ones I have removed by the tweezers, welded by a clever young sirt who has made herself an adept in the business. She is not furkish, you is ow, but it sounds better than plath Mrs. cuitin. What class composes my customers? Well, almost every woman in every class who can affort \$5 for what she thinks the improvement of her charms comes to us our rivals. Women are curious creatures, aren't they it. Not only are they admined of showing what Frevidence. thinks the improvement of her charms comes to us or our rivals. Women are curious creatures, aren't they is. Not only are they ashamed of showing what Frovidence has ordained them to have, but they are ashamed to let it be known they are ashamed, and we have to treat every case as strictly confidential. However, it's incky for these who are smarter than their neighbors that those neighbors are such powerful fools. Good day, sir, and f you ever know anyone who wants a bright, lively New York letter or a series of society articles, let me know and I will thank you."

THE EXODUS FROM THE CITY.

THE EFFCTS OF THE HEAT OF LAST WEEK-BUSY SCENES AT DEPOTS, WHARVES AND PERRIES. Though the public is always slow to believe

nat summer is at hand, yet when the thermometer has spent nearly a week in flickering about the eighties and nineties it is abourd to ignore its approach any longer; and the last few days have succeeded in proving to the most obstinate that the almanac is right, that the month of June has really arrived, and with it the advisability of escaping from the city as quickly as possible It would perhaps be rash to conclude that the temperature is a put up thing, and that the ferry and railroad companies re directly responsible for the rise in the mercury; but it is certain that they profit so largely by the change as almost to justify some slight suspicions that the assistants at Hudnut's and the Signal Service Station are in the interests of one or other of the depots. The annual exodus does not usually begin until a week or so later than this, but the public has decided that it is far too hot to trouble about such little conventionalities and with the mercury at 830 it does not do to stand too punctiliously upon the order of soing, but the best thing is to go at even at the risk of offending the seasons. So for some days the heaps of baggage sping in front of the Grand Central Depot have been growing larger, blocking up the doorways and littering the sidewalks, every trunk a stumbling rinth and ambuscade for small children to get lost in And the solid red and white boxes studded with black clasps and nails, and the buge portmantcaus, have a substantial family appearance that speaks of the deliberaemoval of whole households, and not the casual flitting of every-day passengers. Day by day the work of the policemen in the entrance has grown harder as the number of hopeless people who want to get to absurd places by impossible trains gets daily larger. Every afternoon the waiting-room is crowded, and shows one esittinual flutter of fans and newspapers, and the baggage-room is a very Banibec of ruin and confusion. The cars and backs are sharing in the good fortune of the companies and keep disgorging Instalments of passengers lade and keep disgorging and with white paper parcels containing the lesser ar-ticles of household furniture. Even the parcels are affected by the hot weather and cannot keep their wrappers properly closed, but go about, as it were, with the coats bulging open and their waistcoats all unbuttoned. It is observable that the women do most of the carrying work, for the men are already burdened with their eigars and waiking canes, and one small bag is as much as a man so cumbered can manage. The mittile-sized pack-ages are therefore all carried by their wives, while the ages are therefore all carried by their wives, while the largest of nil is allotted to the smallest available child. The hackmen seem in high spirits with the sudden increase of patronage, for it opens unlimited prospects of cooling drinks and such dissipations as find favor with nackmen. But not so the porters. They ought to rejoice in their couployers' prospecity, but somethow they are not clated by it at all. The hot weather has meited all their generons sentiments, so they busy themselves with devising plans for concealing themselves among the baggage and seeming monstrously busy wiging their forcheads and swearing when discovered in their hiding-places. rom Twenty-third-st. all down West-st. along the

places. From Twenty-third-st. all down West-st, along the ime of plers the sadden migration has caused unusual activity. The ferries of the New-York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad and the pier of the Norwich Line are abnormally busy and crowded, and sgain and again the same scenes are repeated. The truckmen about the pier of the People's Line for Albany do a thriving trade, and one old woman gets daily gloriously tipsy (on bananas she says) to the discomfiture of the women and the terror of the children going by the boats. Further south the street gets still more crowded, and outside the ierry of the Pennsylvania Railroad and Desbrosser-st, an artist mig.t have found any time in the afternoous of last week line kaleidoscopic effects in struguling men, swinging straw hats and brand new baggage. From this point downward at certain hours every day the roadway is nothing but a quadruple line of slowly-moving vehicles; past the Newburg pier, No. 35, and the Storingion line for Boston and Providence, where the neary freight traffic is always sufficiently dense, a disproportionate infusion of hacks and carriages and express wagons piled up with whole Pantheons of household goods, makes the crush still denser, so that the hot and dusty wayfarers get frantic and hotter and more dusty in their cadewors to force their way through to the boats which are threatening to start without them. At Murray-st. the passengers by denser, so that the hot and dusty wayfarers get frantic and hotter, and more dusty in their endeavors to force their way through to the boats which are threatening to start without them. At Murray-st, the passengers by the Fall River Line have been having an even harder time of it, for here the awaings over the stores grow more frequent and under them the fillers most do congregate, making a difficult senson of probation before the promised land of Newport and Boston can be reached. Opposite the Hobotten Ferry, from Barclay-st, onward the awnings get still more plentful and the difficulties of the passengers greater, for the market is filled with flowers and truits the companionship of which makes the place seem cooler, and the seen to flemons, strawberries and pineapples, of verbenns, petunius and geraniums hangs heavy on the sir.

At Cortlandt-st., where the Pennsylvania and Ontario and Western Railroads have their depots, the scene is the same, and at the ferry, in Fulton-st. and the Long

Poisonous Stockings,-In a communication to The Lancet, Dr. Woodland states that, having had his attention directed to a number of cases involving great trritation to the feet and legs, causing small pustules to arise and the skin to subsequently exfoliate, and suspicion being fastened upon red stockings which th patients wore, he carefully analyzed a number of the hose, to ascertain the precise nature of the difficulty. He found a tin sait which is used as a mordant in fixing the dye. He succeeded in obtaining as much as twenty-two and three-tenths grains of this motain in the form of the dioxide; and, as each time the articles are washed

BROADWAY NOTE BOOK.

MEN AND THINGS, THE COUNTRY ROUND. THE PERSONAL NOTES AND NOTIONS OF A BROAD

WAY LOUNGER. General J. H. Devereux, of Cleveland, has been in the city during the week to take his daughter, Mrs. Edward Whiton, of Piermont, N.Y., up to Marbiehead. Mrs. Whiton's hosband is a refired broker and banker, the son of a very faithful superintendent of railroad construction for the Government during the war, who now posseases a beatiful cemetery for the New-York public on the beautiful bills back of Piermont overlooking the Tappan Zee. It is said that General Devereux's salaries are \$65,000 a year, he being at the head of the Bee Line and strong in all the .Vanderbilt lines; indeed, some say, the most faithful and capable man in the Vanderbilt employnent west of this city.

Theodore Davis, who designed the magnificent original State set of china for the White House at Washington, has been retired for some time from a salaried position on Harper's Weekly, and has a home at Asbury Park, where he does general work, including designs for china as

Little Bertha Behrens, age twelve, who is visting her sister, Mrs. Dr. Ryan, in Lafayette-place, has been five fears a pupil of Professor Alien, the first violinist of Boston, and handles the bow like a sprout of Camille Urso, who has applauded her. Her mother is from Maine, her father from Germany. Musical aptness being observed of the children, Freddy, also a phenomenon, was put at the piano, and Bertha at the violin, and they have worked together for years one hour before breakfast. Bertha is accomplished enough to play at fine concerts, but her family are averse to her taking the line of merely utilitarian performances. She is probably the youngest violinist scientifically educated in any land outside of Italy.

The tendency of summer hotels to open earlier is see n the West End at Long Branch following the example of its chief competitor, the Elberon, which, being a cottage centre, must provide board from the time its cottagers move in. The West End cottages lately added require the restaurant around which they are situated o be open as well with other appurtenances, and above all keep the host at his own inn nearly six months in the year, Ar. "Con" Jones stayed the whole of last year at the Elberon, winter included. English sea-side places are in season all winter and best in fashion in nutumn. Presbury died a few days ago, the Nestor of notel men, quaint but with something fine and courtly about him. His habit of putting on a suit of nunkeer and fanning himself to the West End lobby whenever a cold day set in toward the last of Angust, had such sim plicity of humor about it as to seem pathetic now. His purtner, Sykes, brother of General Sykes of the Regular Army, died several years ago after marrying Presbury's niece. Mr. Hildreth has a son who is an ac complished mining geologist and graduate of the Coumbia School of Mines.

Mrs. Hugh J. Jewett, of Gramercy Park, has a younge sister married to Mr. C. C. Waite, son of the Chief Jus-tice and president of the Cincinnati, Dayton and Michigan Railroad. These ladies were brought up in Zanes rille, Ohio.

Mr. Ottmann, whose case with the Government conerning some public moneys deposited with him by a faulter, has been a matter of telegraphic co for several years been barkceper for Theodore Walten at

I met at Washington City recently Mr. William W Boyce, of South Carolina, now aged sixty-four, a literary minded lawyer, gray, thin, affable, practical. He was in Congress from 1853 to 1860. Said I: "Sir, in the light o events since the secession, who was the wisest South Carolinian !" "I suppose James H. Hammond, ou seceding Senator. He is, I think, regarded in the North as the arch secessionist, but it is a mistake. He retired from affairs when the hot-heads took hold, saying: Gentlemen, when the Indians went to war everybody got drunk but one, who was ordered to keep sober lest the drunken indians might destroy themselves. I claim so be the one sober Indian.""

"Mr. Bovee," said I. " what was your view of the prosects of secession ?" "Why, between us, I thought the border States like Virginia, Kentucky, Maryland and even Tennessee and perhaps North Carolina would stand firm against us, and being joined by a Northern conservative element would arrest hostilities, and that another ompromise would be made tiding slavery over a little while and arranging for some equitable conclusion of it But revolutions do not manage themselves so nicely. The border States were carried away and the war was on us, and I saw we were gone up for a long war."

"Mr. Boyce, did not Calhoun, although ruined by General Jackson, finally undermine Jackson with the Democracy ?" "He had a great influence, but he always claimed to be a Union man, working for the Union by securing the domestic institutions of the South and the rights of the infnority. You would find some very good ancedotes in the speeches of Waddy Thompson against Waddy was elected to Congress in spite of Calhoun's opposition. He once said of Mr. Calhoun: "He would have made a splendld theologian in the maidle ages, dancing a ghostly syllogism up and down for fifty what part of Scuth Carolina is growing now !" "The northern part, where white men have the better health and energy. Not much is to be expected from the old pine country, and the negroes only can till the sea islands.

the Philadelphia shipbuilder, one of two brothers who, inheriting their father's business of building sailing vessels and wooden steamers, have become in this day iron ship builders of the first character. During the war they constructed some celebrated fron cruisers and are reck ned among the three leading shipbuilding firms of the country. Mr. Cramp has just built Jay Gould's yacht, the Atalanta, and he stopped to give me some points about her. Said I "How did Mr. Gould like the boat i" "H was delighted. He is a very smart man. He has been about twelve times to our yard since we began this ves cl, and has picked up shipbuilding among the other ablects of his curiosity. When we took him down the iver we had about one hundred workmen on board, and ould was in and out among them like a boy with his watch n his hand timing the revolutions of the screw, know that when you get the pitch of the screw, and ther get the number of times it turns around, you can almost exactly compute the speed of the vessel. so if the water were a solid body, but of course there is a certain sliding in the screw." "What was the success of the yacht!" "For one hundred and twenty-four revoutions of the engines, an indicated horse power of ,568 was made; that is, with one hundred and twenty evolutions. For an hour and forty-three minutes over ixteen nautical miles, equal to nineteen statute miles per hour were made. Her maximum speed was very enety-five pounds and the pitch of the screw fifteen Now there are one hundred and five pounds of steam allowed on the boilers, and at the ratio already shown the muchinery can make a hundred and fifty

"Is this the first steam yacht you have built for a rich New-Yorker, Mr. Crampt" "No, it is the third. I built the Corsair for Charles J. Osborne, the broker. He sold it to Pierpont Morgan for \$90,000, after using it some time, which is more than Mr. Osborne paid me for it. The fact is," said Mr. Cramp, apologetically, " I did not charge enough for those early ynchts. I thought I saw a market in that direction and endeavored to manufacture them very close to cost, and a really ran behind. American shipbuilders have a great deal to contend with, and they yacht that you built?" "I built the yacht called the Strange for George Osgood, and when he died his administrat sold it to Jaffray, the rich merchant here, for \$65,000 which was very close to what it cost Osgood." will Mr. Gould's yacht cost!" Mr. Cramp shook his head and said that he did not quite know. However, I ascertained from another petson who claimed to be formed, that by the time Gould's yncht is finished she

Returning to Mr. Cramp again I asked: "Is Mr. Sould a pretty good man to deal with! " "Yes, I have found him so. If he has confidence everything goes smoothly. He is a modest man, and, I think, easily pleased, provided results suit him," "Did you solicit him to build his yacht at your place?" "We did not, but the agents of other shipbuilders, I am told, did pursue him with applications for an order. To our surprise he turned and gave it to us. We think his yacht can leave mything on the ocean behind her." "Why did he call her the Atalanta instead of giving her a name original as himself?" "The tendency nowadays," said Mr. Cramp, "is to name yachts after classical parties. Atapanta is a very good name for a yacht, if you remember the story well; she was the daughter of a king and equally renowned for her beauty and her swiftness in unning. That is a very good combination for a yacht. It was said by an oracle that marriage would be fatal to her, and as she had many suitors she had it proclaimed that any one who sought her hand should run a match with her, and while she would marry him who beat her, any one that she beat must be put to death. Yet she was so beautiful that many suits accepted these hard condi-ions. They were all beaten and put to death without

mercy." Said I: "That is a good deal like the speculator and the race he runs." "But listen to the rest," said Mr. Cramp. "There was one chap named Hippomenes who wanted her badly, but he went and consulted Venus first, Venus was a smart one, you know, and she gave Hip-pomenes three golden apples she had gathered in the Garden of the Hesperides, and told him how to jurgle She told him that when Atalanta was running away from him to throw down the first of these golden apples and the princess would be sure to admire it and stop to pick it up, and in that way he could pass her. When she began to outstrip him again or to keep up he was to throw the second golden apple and bus would make the fleet maid pause another time. Meantime Hip-pomenes was to push on. The goddess told him that the third apple would fetch her, as she would stop so long that he could reach the goal. He did press on and beat Atalanta and made her his oride. But Hippomenes squatted on his contract with Venus; he repudiated his calls, and Venus changed bim into a lion, and Atalanta into a lioness."

Said I: "That is a first-rate story and reflects credit on Mr. Gould's classical knowledge. But somebody new ought to order a yacht from you to make more revolutions under less steam, and call her Hippomenes." "Don't forget," said Mr. Cramp, "that Atalanta also took part in the attack on the great wild boar of Calydon. She was a huntress at that time and had a girdle of burnished gold, an ivory quiver on her shoulder, and a Atalanta fired the first arrow bow in her left hand. into the wild boar, and after Meleager dispatched him he gave Atalanta the head and the hide Meleager's uncles snatched this head and hide from Atalants, and then Meleager forgot their kinship to him, and slew them on the spot." "Well," said I, "Mr Cramp, this mythology all reads like an episode in Wall Street. Mr. Gould gets the head and hide and if anybody takes it from him they are afterward slain by somebody else, bka Russell Sage."

"Tell me, however, what is the condition of shipbuilding!" "It is very flat, although iron is cheap. It has often been said that as soon as iron falls low enough ship building will bristle up. There is nothing whatever in it. People order ships apparently on high iron, seem-ing to me to show that iron is the standard in this country of encouragement, and when it goes up the spirits of people rise." "Are you building any ships now!" " We are building one more for the San Franci and Sandwich Islands Line, and one for Mr. Huntington, to carry coal on the Pacific." "Has the Government ch orders for any more vessels! " are obliged to award these new war ships to the lowest

A lawyer in the South who defended one of the conspirators against President Lincoln's life recently said to me: "I recollect one little instance of the gentility of Governor Hartranft, of Penusylvania, which I often mention. After Mrs. Surratt had been some time on trial and found the evidence deepening against her and her own contradictions painfully apparent, she became alarmed for her life; and, indeed, she had been, from the beginning. She sent me word that she wished to see me. The rule of the court-martial was that the prisoners should see their counsel in the presence of a guard but not necessarily in the hearing thereof. As it was a military court, of course every order it issued had to be obeyed strictly. Mrs. Surratt occupied one of the cells in the old penitentiary. They were arched cells, hardly high enough for one to stand in apright, and with parred doors, and between each pair of cells stood a sentinel in the corridor to keep the occupants from exchanging conversation. Mrs. Surratt was brought out. She was roned, but not heavily, like the others. There was a soldier in the room, and General Hartranft, as he was at that time, for he was in command of the prison, seeing the counsel come into the room shook his head at the guard, intimating for him to go out. Hartranft, without saving a word or nodding his head to the prisoner and counsel, then retired to the distant end of the room and locked out of the window, thus keeping the letter of the severe law but relaxing its spirit."

Said my informant above: "Reviewing the trial of the

conspirators against President Lincoln's life, I have to say that, considering it was a military court, it was a fair ourt and one of ability. Judge Holt, the Advocateleneral, was a very able man. The Court was courteous toward the defence. This was shown by the fact that an orderly sergeant was sent away down through lower Maryland to deliver at the house of Mr. Stone Heroid's, request that he come up and be his counsel. It was anifest to me from the start that this court meant to find guilty any person connected with the murder or the intended murders, but that they only meant to imprison or to give lighter punishments to accessories and hose playing the spy or in the abduction plot. court therefore set itself seriously to work to ascertain who had consented to take arms and kill, whether they succeeded in killing anybody or not. Taking into consideration the feeling of the time and the enormity of the offence, I do not know but that they drew the lines of justice pretty weil in their intention. Consequently they found Atscrodt guilty, because he had ac knife to kill Vice-President Johnson. They found Herold guilty, because he knew of the murder about to be comunitted and accompanied the assassin to the last and assisted him to escape. As to Powell, generally called Payne, he thoroughly admitted the justice of has sen-tence and regarded the whole trial in the light of a reminiscence, bending his mind upon death, which he knew he had obtained and would get. He was the only person ever, because his mind was made up that he could not escape. The court very nearly hanged Dr. Mudd. His prevarientions were painful; he had given his whole case way by not trusting even his counsel or neighbors of kinfolks. It was a terrible thing to extricate him from the toils he had woven around himself. He had knowing Booth when he knew him well. He was unloubtedly accessory to the abduction plot, though ha may have supposed it would never come to anything. He denied knowing Booth when he came to his house when that was preposterous. He had been even intimate with Booth. The proclamation of the Government was straightforward, that death should be the penalty of any man who could give information about the con-victs and would not do it. Yet Dr. Mudd was sared, and it is understood that the vote stood five to four. One more vote would have hanged him, as two-thirds of a court martial is necessary to allot the death penalty."

"I think," said my legal friend, "that Mrs. Surratt could have been saved with proper counsel." "What was the character of her counsel?" "She had two men named Aiken and Clampett, neither fit to defend a case of that importance. It is a remarkable fact that the bar in Washington City was ransacked for a lawyer to defend her and none would come forward. The effect of Lincoin's death, the immediate recognition of his justice and generosity and of the causeless assassination, paralyzed the bar. Reverdy Johnson was finally employed. He came forward and made an argument against the jurisdiction of the military court, to be read and applanded by the people, and then abandoned the woman. did those soldiers care about the legal argument on the jurisdiction of the court ? They were set there by their superiors to ascertain who took part in the murder of their loved commander. It was from her own sense, plain as that was, that Mrs. Surratt felt that she was being sacrificed by the incapacity of her counsel. She then made the appeal for help, but the man to whom she made it had double work already, and was trying to save the life of Dr. Mudd and barely did it.

"Was the combined character of those prisoners at all consequential f" I asked. "No. Cheaper, smaller materials never were engaged in a footish scheme. The scheme to run Mr. Lincoln out of Washington was absurd from the start. Booth perhaps had a transnitted crack in his head, and we can understand how he thought the design was all right, but what can be thought of the common sense of persons like John Surratt and Dr. Samuel Mudd, an educated physician, who harbored the same idea ! Dr. Mudd was an ill-balanced man, of very alight force of character, but little moral courage, a petulant temper, and it is hard to denote his ability anywhere. There are a few young men in Maryland who believe that Sarratt was the sharpest fellow in the conspiracy. He at least saved his life. I knew from the very beginning that he was not in Washington at the time of the assussination, and yet the Government, with strange fatuity, went on to insist that he was there. But I can hardly wonder at this because there was a tailor who positively swore that he saw Surratt the evening Lincoln was killed and knew him well because he had made a suit of clothes for him. In exciting times mea lose their memory and consecutiveness, and thus the Government, particularly in the civil trial of John Surratt, was led astray by its own witnesses."

" As to Spangler, the scene-shifter, it was pitiful to see that poor fellow in dread of the gallows. He said one day pitcously to me: 'Do you think they will hang me f' After the court that day I broke my slience and said to two of the members, Judge Bingham one of them: Gentlemen, it is no personal concern of mine, but I really do not see what you can hang poor old Spangler for, except finding a rope in his bug which it is plain he used to catch crabs with and stole it from the theatre for that purpose.' They smiled and took it in good part. Spangler finally became poor and seedy and broken lown with liquor, and he went to live with Dr. Satt Mudd, who allowed him to stay fat his house, and I think he is buried at the Catholic cemetery at Reeves's Church-near Mudd's house, or possibly at the Bryantowa Church. He died about two years before Dr. Mudd.",